



GREENWICH VILLAGE MOVES TO BROOKLYN

By HANNAH MITCHELL

GREENWICH VILLAGE is moving to Brooklyn. No, there isn't a catch in it. It's so.

The new site of Village activities is Brooklyn Heights, that part of the City of Churches just to the right of Brooklyn Bridge. Directions count for nothing, because no two streets are parallel or at right angles. You will understand how homelike this feature of the Heights is to any one who has lived in the Village. If you have ever tried to follow the whims of Fourth Street or Waverly Place in the Village, you know that it requires something of a sixth sense to be able to find your way about in that neighborhood.

On Brooklyn Heights the streets are just as whimsical. In addition to following their own courses as to latitude and longitude, once in a while for variety the street changes its name somewhere between one crossing and another. There is nothing so plebeian as a numbered street. And some way, in this nonchalant attitude, this disregard for practicality, there is an indication of the glory that once was Brooklyn Heights.

The neighborhood was perhaps the most exclusive ever known in the five boroughs. When Brooklyn was an independent city, with its center near the river between what is now the end of Manhattan Bridge and the Fulton ferry, the Heights was given over to country estates. Country gentlemen more or less interested in the business of the city lived on these farms within easy walking distance of town life. All that is left of this phase of the Heights is shown in the names of certain streets—Joralemon, Remsen, Schermerhorn and so forth.

The situation common in all parts of New York—expense of keeping up houses, the trouble and inconvenience and the servant problem upon which big establishments depend and the tendency of the younger generation toward "light housekeeping"—has resulted in the sale of many of the old residences on the Heights. These have been converted in large numbers into small apartments. You know the kind—where you hide the stove when the building inspector is expected to call.

From the outside these places are made attractive by little painted panels, frescoes over the doorways and other quasi-exotic decoration. Inside they have the virtue of being freshly plastered and varnished. And, best of all, the bathroom situation is more desirable than in any except the two-hundred-a-month apartments of the Village.

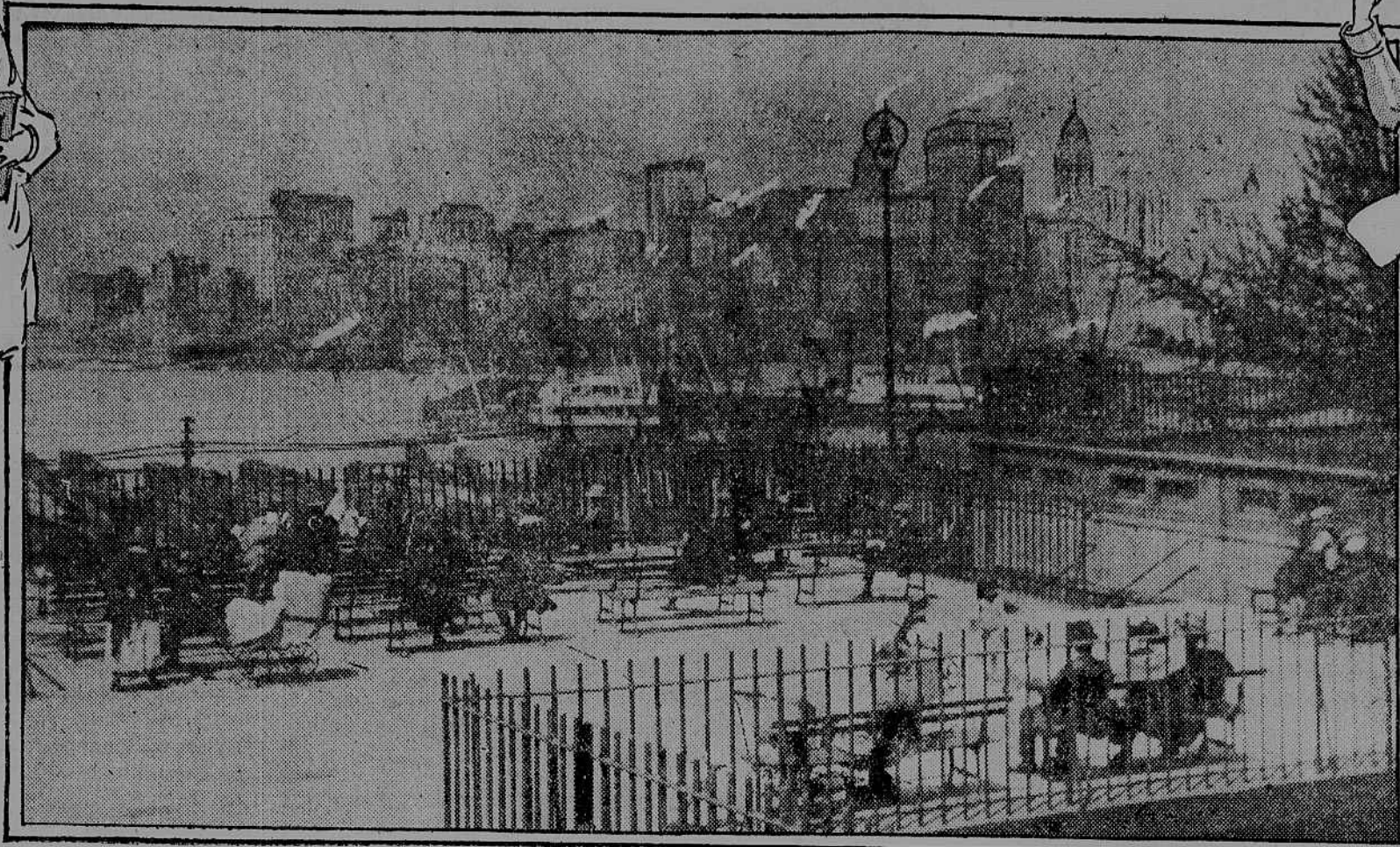
As a matter of fact, it was the elegant bathrooms I found that made me throw discretion to the winds and move to the Heights last fall. One man openly taunted me with seeking respectability.

"You small town girls all get tired of the ways of Bohemia," he remarked. "You have been brought up on electric lights and hot running water. I imagine your homes stood a real housecleaning once a week. Sooner or later, probably, when you think your mothers are coming for a visit, you move out to regular bourgeois neighborhoods."

In spite of the fact that I resented this slur on my Bohemianism I disputed it the more heatedly because there was a grain of truth in it. Not since I left the small town had I seen such bathrooms as those in the Heights apartments.

The die was cast, however; the lease was signed, and the greatest job remained—that

Bobbed Hair Is Growing Where Frizzes Grew Before; Sandals Soon Will Patter Up the Clark Street Station Stairs



When they get homesick, the transplanted villagers stroll down to the foot of Montague Street. Beyond the Alps of lower Manhattan lies Washington Square

records. Cleaners, dyers, permanent wavers, flowers and books are only a few of the industries represented at this subway entrance. And the center is needed. In this sedate residential district for blocks and blocks there is no place to buy anything. It has been, and is, of course, still, to some extent, a neighborhood where ordering for households is done in large quantities and from a distance. Here and there on Henry Street a delicatessen shop has insinuated itself in the basement of a made-over house. But even these are partly veiled, so that only the initiated may know where to find them.

For several weeks after moving to the Heights I prided myself upon having found the comforts of the small town again. Service, with none of the lapses caused by the recognition of the working classes which must be part of the Greenwich Villager's code, was on every hand. Then I had my first jolt. On the street one evening I met one of my former neighbors of the Village.

"Aren't you lost?" I tried to be playful, but some way in my heart I knew that he lived in that district. He walked like a man on his way home.

"Oh, we've moved over here. Drop in some time—Schermerhorn Street"—And his wife wore bobbed hair and had essayed a salon in the Village!

A few days later I ran into another Villager at the subway station, buying phonograph records and carrying a large bundle of something in regular paterfamilias style.

"Oh, yes—Columbia Heights!" he shouted over Caruso's sobs in the "Pagliacci" piece—



"HOW FUNNY!"

One of those graphic signs was hung out which indicate the name without having it printed. Moreover, this one had some rather bad verses on it. Inside were little painted tables, a few sickly, artistic plants, and candlelight. I edged in along the fence beside a middle-aged couple, who were looking in.

"Isn't it romantic looking?" said the woman. "Not enough light," said the man.

"Well, let's try it," insisted the lady; "then we can go to the hotel for dinner to-morrow."

"I don't know," the man was hesitant; "it's rather queer looking to me. See that woman lighting a cigarette? Well, maybe I can stand the candlelight for once."

To persons who come from almost any other neighborhood in the world the advent of these little eating places on the Heights may not seem radical. Nevertheless, they mark the recognition of a new era. Time was when every one living in that part of Brooklyn dined at home. Each family, with its retinue of servants, set a table which would have been worthy a Washington Irving description any day. Dinner was at noon.

There were a few select boarding houses. Heights boarding houses stood far and above other boarding houses in the city. Getting into one required as many references as opening a charge account. Oldest and most conservative of these establishments was the Mansion House, which is still part of the Heights régime.

Two confirmed New Yorkers tell a story of having to go to Brooklyn once, years ago, to a funeral. Nothing less could have induced them to venture there. This was in the days when

their wants were made known they were informed that the bar did not open until 5 o'clock. This was years ago, and they have never gone over or under the East River since.

Other eating places of the same character have been opened in the last few weeks. How they can find names and signs for them all is a wonder something like the puzzle of where all the Pullman car names come from. "Ye Olde" something-or-other is always sure-fire. But whatever the names and the food, these new places are replicas of the Village places commonly known as "dumps."

Other eating places of village character fast. The Clark Street Players brought the little theater movement in. They did not have much of a run, to be sure, but they were advertised all over the Heights in the same places that "the seventieth anniversary of this seminary" and the "say-it-with-flour" signs stand.

Only the other day notices were sent to some of the more prosperous artists and writers who live on the Heights asking if they would be interested in the remodeling of an old stable alley into studios. Another Macdougall Alley or Washington Mews effect! And there are many quaint byways and little secluded "places" which will lend themselves to this sort of thing.

The incoming population, artists, writers, actors and others, who make what is supposed to be a romantic living, naturally takes some color from the dignity of the neighborhood. Brooklyn Heights has had a definite character for too many years to lose caste in a day. There is the matter of the churches. Not to mention Plymouth, which is a national institution, there are other famous churches in the neighborhood. In Greenwich Village churches are not numerous. On the Heights they are. So the Villagers who have moved to this new setting have a constraint about them. As yet there cannot be the freedom of the Washington Square neighborhood. Half the people you meet on the streets are distinctly of old Brooklyn. Although they have given up their residences to the new, they cannot leave the neighborhood, and many of them live in hotels on the Heights.

With the scorn that asserts itself by ignoring, they confine their acquaintances to others of their set. Girls in tam-o'-shanters may swarm the Heights, but kindly old ladies in violet bonnets are there also. Young men in loose green overcoats may swagger along puffing cigarettes, but regulation morning dress for gentlemen is much in evidence, too. The waiters in the old hotels may give better service for the customer with a 10-cent tip and a bit of reminiscent conversation, but they can be won with something over the usual 10 per cent.

The struggle, if there ever was any, between the old families on Washington Square and the Villagers is a thing of the past. In spite of their stiffness, the people of the old Heights atmosphere are amenable to new influences. Short hair isn't such a bad thing for women. Among the girls in exclusive schools, such as the Packer Institute and the Heights Seminary, it is well thought of. The tradition built up by Manhattan persons that men still wear shawls in Brooklyn is not true. A gradual progression in the ways of the world can be seen, even on the Heights.

It may be that these two elements—the conventional, exclusive people of the Heights and the thoughtless Bohemians from the Village—will strike just the right balance. The one will learn tolerance; the other reverence. And, as in all things, the newer and younger will predominate, but it will be tempered.

The blending is far from perfect now. And



Love Lane, a blind alley of garages, has marvelous studio possibilities, if one is rich enough to be poor

Another bit of by-way which may burst its stable chrysalis and become an art butterfly like Washington Mews



Greenwich Villagers say that bobbed hair is no novelty to Brooklyn Heights, and they point to the Beecher statue at Borough Hall to prove it

of getting a moving man who would go to Brooklyn.

Skipping that painful event, which is the common experience of New Yorkers, let me pause at the Clark Street station of the subway. Here is a center that tries to combine the comforts of Sixth Avenue shops with a few of the niceties of Fifth. You can buy anything, from canned heat to phonograph

"and so-and-so and somebody else, and yet another (all from the Village) live near here. It's a nice part of town."

Then two girls with short hair took the apartment under me. I couldn't help sneaking a look at the address from which their mail was forwarded. Greenwich Village!

Later my attention was attracted to queer proceedings in the basement of a corner house.

all New York was openly wet. After their journey the gentlemen in a foreign land became thirsty. Following the temperamental streets on the Heights, they sought a bar, and their wanderings brought them to the Mansion House. It had the outward appearance of a hotel, and the strangers from a far country viewed it as an oasis. They sought its bar at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but when

this business of tempering may be needed by some of the Villagers. I cite the remark of a butterfly from the Village who was exploring her new neighborhood. Stopping in front of a statue of Beecher she said:

"Well, he had a nifty way of doing his hair." And she was pleased with the idea. She lacked the reverence which she will probably absorb from the Heights atmosphere.